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PEOPLE I HAVE MET

Pages From the Life of a Famous Singer.

NOTES TAKEN AT RANDOM

Clara Louise Kellogg on Men and Women She Has Seen—Literary People and English Royalty—Lincoln.

My great regret in life is that I did not emulate the "chiel" in Burns' poem, who took notes with the view of printing them. If I had done so, I would now have on hand several columns of interesting and, in some instances, historical incidents, which my career as a prima donna made me a participator in. As it is, I carry in my memory enough to write a book with a good-sized appendix; but many a bon mot and many a gray repartee uttdred by some distinguished poet, statesman, duke, lord, artist, or general has been dropped into a sea of forgetfulness from which no delightful Boswell can ever bring them to the surface again.

Being the first American prima donna to secure attention, both here and abroad, naturally I had many noted people call on me, and at receptions in the different cities many men and women of letters were presented to me. My friends and acquaintences numbered many who will live in history. Some of them are still alive and doing noble work in their respective vocations.

Meeting Famous Literary People.

Among the most delightful receptions where the elite of society and the most famous in the literary world assembled were those given by Mrs. James T. Field, of Boston. Such men as Emerson, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Lowell were often present, and on one occasion I met there Anthony Trollope, the English novelist, whose works were then more or less in vogue. The discussion, I remember, was about the recompense of authors. Trollope said he had reduced his literary efforts to a matter-of-fact basis, and wrote so many words to a page and so many pages to a chapter. He refrained from using the word money—the English shrink from the word money—but manage to convey to his hearers the fact that a considerable consideration was the main incentive for his his literary lab r. I do not recall any brilliant remark made by him. Nathaniel Hawthorne was such a retiring, shy man, I did not meet him, although he came to Mrs. Field's for that purpose. Many people were in the drawing rooms, expecting to see the author of the "Scarlet Letter" every minute. He was upstairs, but could not summon sufficient courage to come down and mingle with those who had only words of praise for him.

Glimpses of Abraham Lincoln.

When I first saw Abraham Lincoln, little did I dream that I would soon meet two distinguished generals who gained fame under his administration. My girlish fancy had pictured a president as being somewhat kinglike, or at least the "glass of fashion and the mould of form." It was soon after his first inauguration, and on the occasion of his visit to New York. He attended a performance at the old Academy of Music, and when the people cheered him I saw a tall, gaunt-looking and very awkward man slowly get up and bow. His hands were encased in white gloves, and they hung as useless appendages by his sides. "Can he be the president of the United States?" I thought. What a disillusion! I knew afterward that beneath his awkward exterior was the gallant spirit of a great and good man. At this time I had not sung in public, and was a spectator. Afterward I met him in Washington, but he was too much engrossed with the war to show any enthusiasm for music.

General Sherman's Favorite Song.

General W. T. Sherman was more enthusiastic over music than any of the big generals I knew. I remember meeting him and General Grant in Chicago about the middle of the war, and the latter's hand was so swollen from too much hand shaking that he apologized to me for not offering it. General Sherman became quite a friend of mine, and often came behind the scenes to visit mother and me. General Grant never showed any appreciation whatever for operatic music. I was in the audience one day in Chicago, and General Grant was present. He evinced no emotion whatever during the singing of the opera, but sat stolidly and unconcerned until the end. Nearly every one asks me if General Sherman's favorite song was "Marching Through Georgia," and I am compelled to answer in the negative. His ears had been flattered by the popular tune wherever he appeared, but his musical soul preferred other melodies. One day, during his many visits to our home, he asked me to sing a certain old-time song, and when I informed him that I could not accede to his request because I did not have the words to be sung, he said he had them and would send them to me. In a short while he sent me the words to his favorite song, "The Old Log Cabin in the Lane."

Whenever he came I sang his song, and he enjoyed it in a way that evinced sincere feeling and enthusiasm.

The Witty Viscountess Compemere.

An American prima donna in London was an event, and I shall never forget what the witty and brilliant Viscountess Compemere said one day when we were dining with the Dowager Duchess of Somerset. Turning to my mother she said: "You speak English remarkably well. Do they speak English in the states?"

"Just a little," replied my mother.

A cup of hot tea was handed to the viscountess, and pouring part of it into a saucer, she sipped and said: "Now, ladies, do not think this is rude, for I have just come from the queen, and saw her do the same. Let us emulate the queen." Every one present thereupon drank tea from their saucers. What amused me immensely was the value the duchess attached to a present from Commodore McVickar, of the New York Yacht club. It consisted of alleged American Indian handiwork, a small mat such as can be purchased at Niagara Falls or most anywhere here at a nominal price. The duchess had it on a table mounted in gold, and it was covered with glass. The commodore's letter making the valuable present was also conspicuously displayed.

With Patti in Concert.

Once Patti and I sang at the same court concert, and when it ended I remember the diva received attention exclusively from the gentlemen, while I was visited both by the ladies and gentlemen. I was the only American singer present, and the special attention I received from the ladies was more than a compliment. At that time Patti and Nicolini were not married, and the papers had much to say about the tenor's desertion of his family. I suggested to Patti at supper that she should go to America. Nicolini with much alarm said: "What! Patti take a sea voyage? Do you want to kill her?" My belief is Nicolini was afraid of the ocean voyage, but he and Patti, in their many farewell tours, are more than willing to brave the dangers of ocean traveling.

About Patti and Nilsson.

Some one asked me about Patti's voice. She has a fine voice, and, on the whole, she is the most remarkable singer I ever heard. Patti is essentially mechanical, and her success is due to her wonderful voice; but as an intelligent actress, a creator of parts, or even as an interesting personality she never could approach the peerless Christine Nilsson. I consider the latter the most intelligent and interesting artist on the operatic stage. Indeed, Nilsson has originality and magnetism, a combination irresistibly captivating to the refined and educated. Her singing was the embodiment of dramatic expression, and she never had to violate all the canons of lyrical art by introducing "Home, Sweet Home" in grand Italian opera to satisfy a high-priced audience. There are some outrages which true artists will never submit to, and they should be honored.

When Emma Abbott Began It.

It has been said that I am responsible for Emma Abbott's cereer upon the operatic stage. It is not my wish to speak harshly of her, now that she is no more, but I may be pardoned if I deny the allegation. The first time I saw Emma Abbott was in Toledo, in 1866, when I was singing in opera. She was poorly clad, and was going about playing a guitar and singing. Her poverty and her desire to get on naturally appealed to me, and I was instrumental in raising a subscription for her so she could come east. She asked me frankly if I thought she could make her living by her voice, and I said yes. My idea was that she intended to sing in churches, and I believe she did when she came to New York. She was then 19 years old, which would have made her about 42 at the time of her death, although her age was given at 36. Never at any time a lyrical artist, she possessed a tireless energy, and succeeded by it alone.

With Dynamite Underneath Me.

It is impossible for me to relate in one article a tenth of the interesting episdoes, hinging on personalities, that I have either participated in or witnessed. In Russia I sang in a theatre that was said to be undermined by Nihilists, and ready to explode if the Czar entered. It made me somewhat nervous, and I was glad the Czar did not come. No friend was allowed to go behind the scenes to speak to me, and all of the employees of the theater were rigidly inspected upon entering. It was martial law with a vengence. I did not meet the Czar, but was introduced to several members of the royal family.

After all, there is no place like America. I began my career here and expect to end it here. The old world is rich in its past history, but the new world is far richer in energy and the blessings of liberty. In this republic we are all kings and queens.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

A Doubtful Compliment.

Lady Morton—Oh, yes, major, little Miss Angel is a charming girl enough and paints very well for her age, you know; but——

Little Miss Angel (overhearing)—Thank you, Lady Morton. I know it takes years and years of practice to paint as well as you do!—Judy.

Didn't Quite Understand.

Mr. Hulme tells a good story of the late Sir John Crampton, our minister at Washington, who sent his carriage to be repaired. When he went to see how the work had been done he was surprised to see several other carriages decorated with his arms. The coachmaker explained, "When your carriage was here some of our citizens saw it and liked the pattern on it, and reckoned they would have it painted on theirs as well." This is as good as the newly rich merchant who wrote to a stationer for his crest. He was sent a choice of two crests, and liked them both so well that he put one on his carriage and the other on his notepaper.—Saturday Review.

An Indirect Appeal.

There is company to dinner, and Margot has been strictly enjoined not to ask for anything. The guests were very lively, and, at the second course, materfamilias forgot, in the heat of conversation, to serve the little one. A few minutes afterward the servant was ordered to bring another plate.

Margot (bashfully)—Will you have mine, mother dear, it is quite clean?—Journal Illustre.

A Thoughtful Friend.

Mother—That is a handsome piece of bronze you have selected for Miss Bangup's wedding present; but why do you leave on the price mark?

Daughter—The bronze is very heavy, and I do not want the dear girl to injure herself carrying it around to the stores to find out what it cost.—New York Weekly.

INNS OVER THE SEA

Would Make the Philosopher Change His Mind.

FEES, EXTRAS AND LIGHTS

Some of the Hotels Are Very, Very Good But More Often They Are Horrid—Fine Art of Bill Making.

The gentleman who advised his contemporaries and posterity to wonder at nothing has been dead for some time; he never had an opportunity to realize the impossibility of his own advice by stopping at a modern English hotel.

Nature never intended Englishmen to be hotel keepers, and they are too proud to learn where instinct is denied them. The best public accommodation in England is furnished at a moderate rate by a few extremely old and unpretentious little country inns, the next best by the expensive city houses and the worst of all, and the worst possible, by the nine-tenths remaining.

The American who expects to find hotel living cheaper here than in Amer-

THE OLD ENGLISH INN.

ica on the average will live to own his mistake if he crosses the ocean. It is true that the tourist agencies sell coupons on American hotels at a trifle a day higher than for England, but the difference is more than made up by the numerous and generous fees expected here.

In America one usually knows what to look for at a hotel. Here he may try a hundred and own himself unable to prophesy about the hundred and first. Nor can he tell anything by advertisements. Many of the London hotels advertise rooms at three shillings a day to catch the Yankee trade. The traveler on following up the advertisement will find that for a night's lodging his bill will run up to double that sum. He pays three shillings for the room as advertised, two shillings for attendance—and fees the attendants besides—and is lucky if he gets off without a sixpence charge for the candle by whose dim and flickering light he disrobes his manly limbs.

If he gets breakfast in the morning at the same hotel, as he is expected to do, the same delightful uncertainty exists as to its cost. He will be told that he will be charged "according to what he has;" that seems fair, but if he orders what would be a very moderate meal at home the bill will surprise him again.

Of course six shillings is not a large sum to pay for a room in a city like London, nor is two or three shillings for a breakfast exorbitant, but that isn't the sort of thing a man expects who has been lured by an announcement of "room for three shillings, breakfast from one shilling and ninepence." In such announcements the minimum breakfast is coffee or tea and bread and butter. This may cost from one to two and a half shillings.

Out in the provinces things are still more uncertain. A man may find one night good accommodations at a hotel whose charges will foot up only $1.50 a day, the next night put up with bad quarters at $3 or $4 a day and the next night indifferent at any imaginable price. In tourist resorts, especially where there is no competition, he must prepare for a stiff bill, say 75 cents for a room, 35 cents for attendance, $1 for dinner, 65 cents each for lunch and breakfast and "what he chooses" in fees or in the neighborhood of $3.75 or more a day. This, it must be borne in mine, does not secure good food, though it does secure

"SEVEN-FIFTY PLEASE."

an exquisitely cleaned and comfortable room. One reason why most Americans who have been there are so fond of Paris is that they can find food there after a course of semi-starvation in London.

I was stopping for a night not long ago at the best hotel in a commercial town, not a tourist resort, only a few miles from London. When, before going to bed, I ordered my breakfast for the following morning, according to the idiotic English custom, I expressed a desire for a beefsteak. The elderly woman in charge seemed in distress. She called the cook out from the kitchen.

"Do you think you can get this gentleman a beefsteak?" she asked the cook.

The cook seemed doubtful.

"Oh, well," said I, retreating upstairs, "steak preferred, but a chop would answer."

Next morning I breakfasted upon chop, bread, coffee. The cost was 61 cents.

Imagine the resplendent hotel clerk of the best hotel in Yonkers, Lowell or Trenton calling up the cook to ask if a traveler could have a steak for breakfast instead of a slightly less expensive chop! For the same money, or for 75 cents at the most, a first-rate American suburban hotel would offer its guests the choice between a large variety of meats, eggs, omelets, fruits of the season, oatmeal or wheat grits, breakfast cakes, in short, a meal and not an apology for one. And in Paris a breakfast of four courses, exquisitely cooked, can be had for from 40 cents up.

On one occasion an English hotel keeper, in making out a bill for me, after exhausting his ingenuity in ramming into that poor document extra charges for attendances, boots, light and the like—light is always charged for separately if gas is used, and sometimes if candles—put down this item: "Sundries, sixpence." What the sundries were I have never discovered.

It is not Yankees alone who object to these "extra charges." Britons do not like them. I know a man in London who adopted as his motto: "No charge for attendance." Result—he has had to enlarge his house five times and rooms are only to be had by engaging them in advance. Yet his patronage is almost wholly English. He's getting rich, while his competitors plod on in the old unbusinesslike fashion.

The American hotel clerk runs his eye down the register and says "seven fifty," the guest flips out a ten-dollar bill, the clerk flips back the change and the thing is over. The English clerk, always a woman, says: "Will you be seated, sir?" Then she draws up a bill in writing and rings for a waiter. The waiter presents the bill on a tray, takes the coin or bank note to the desk, gets the change and expects a fee for his service.

The bigger the hotel the greater nuisance are the fees. The waiter, the porter, the boots, the chambermaid and the head waiter all expect them. In a small house these functionaries may all be combined in one individual well content with a modest expense.

A considerable experience of English inns, not confined to the regions usually frequented by tourists, leads me to believe that the following rules will be found useful in estimating the charges at them:

1. A small room in a big house will come high; a big room in a small house will be charged for at a reasonable rate.

2. If the waiter is a pretty girl, the cookery good and the appointment modest the bill will be low; if the wait-

A FEW EXTRAS ON THE BILL.

er is a flunkey in a spiketail coat and the food bad the bill will be high.

3. If the bedstead in the room is of carved mahogany, a hundred years old, with mattresses three feet thick and a gorgeous canopy and curtains, the bill will be low; if the bedstead is a cheap new iron one with brass knobs you'll pay in gold.

4. If you get a napkin without asking for it telegraph your banker for more funds at once. Fortunately, this does not happen often. Forty-nine hotels out of fifty in Britain are guiltless of napkins.

5. If the dining-room has a bay window, look out for an extra ninepence. If the house is new, two shillings extra.

6. None of these rules will hold in exceptional cases, and nearly all the inns in England are exceptional.

The small house, remote from the railroad, the inn with its quaint old sign, its low beamed roof, broad hearths, perfect quiet and simple abundance is almost the sole exception to the rule of badness. All over the country, wherever there is travel enough to call for more than a cross roads groggery, yet not sufficient trade to bring in modern improvements, one finds these splendid old inns, which date back beyond the days of the coach to those of the pack horse and are kept by the descendants many generations removed of the builder. There is seldom more than one guest at a time, his meals are set in the family parlor and he mounts at night the stone stairway whose steps are deep-worn by the tread of those who have lain long in the dust, through a low doorway, where he bows his head to avoid a bump, into a room where generations of guests have slept before him. Across the one street of the hamlet is the little church, its arched windows and rude capitals suggesting a Norman origin. The door stands open all day long and he can see at the back the squire's pew a little higher than the others. In the churchyard sleep the rude forefathers of the hamlet from the days when William the Conqueror was a baby. A boy comes to draw a pail of water at the well, and two or three neighbors drop in to sing a song with a rousing chorus over a mug of ale in the taproom, but by nine o'clock all is quite still. Then the drowsy traveler flings half a dozen pillows off the bed, mounts with difficulty its commanding height and sinks into its fathomless depths wondering whether the Lord will ever forgive him for suggesting that there can be anything on earth so delightful as an English inn at its best.

JOHN L. HEATON.

Garfield Tea is the tired housewife's best friend, freeing the body from aches and pains, creating a buoyancy of spirits and lovely complexion.

THAT MAN OF STYLE

Wears But Little of Jewelry For Good Taste.

POINTS ON PECULIAR FADS

What is Proper to Wear Without Exciting Comment—The Style in Sleeve Buttons and Pins.

Jewelry, a very little of it, is always in fashion. Few men can resist the fascination of a sparkling diamond pin any more than can a woman that of a brilliant necklace, for the trait that exhibits itself in the painted aboriginal, in the lip-pierced Kaffir, in the ring-nosed Hottentot, has come down into modern American and English life, modified by the influence of civilization, but still the old trait, the old desire to shine.

Few men of fashion know how much to wear or just what to wear. A visit to the Hoffman house, to the corridors of the Fifth Avenue or to the card-rooms of some of the New York clubs will show you a variety of bejeweled individuals. You will see the man with the thousand-dollar stone in his shirt front and a chain and fob that were bought by the pound. Then, again, you will see the man without a

UNIQUE DESIGNS IN SLEEVE BUTTONS.

particle of jewelry, without even a simple band on the finger which had been encircled only on his wedding day. You can put both of these men down as cranks. Neither of them can be properly classed as a man of fashion. The first one may be warm-hearted, good-natured and rich, but the elegant man of fashion would no more tolerate him in his parlor or reception-room than he would imitate his showiness. The man without jewelry is, perhaps, a cold, dispassionate observer of men and things, a cynic, a man who would rail at any display, even the slightest, in his male companions.

I asked Mr. Creighton Webb how much his jewelry was worth the other day, and he told me that aside from the watch, which was worth something like five hundred dollars, he believed that three hundred dollars would cover all the expense he and his relatives had gone to in the purchase of the jewels which adorn his person.

Here is a table of the expense that a man of fashion ought to go to in the line of jewelry:

Scarf-pin	$100
Two diamond studs, to cost not more than	150
Two pairs of sleeve buttons with diamond or sapphire setting, to cost not more than	200
Eight diamond collar and wrist buttons	200
Ring, with diamond or other stone setting	200
Watchcharm	100
Total	$950

This table is by no means to be followed exactly, for it gives merely a list of the things a man of fashion must have in the way of jewelry, and the prices attached are just below the extravagantly showy. Of course, a man may have a ring with a very peculiar setting, the cost of which may be far beyond the figures here given, and so it may be with other jewelry, but as long as he keeps within the rule that bars any extraordinary display, he may be said to be in fashion.

The styles for 1892 are just out, and give the purchaser of jewels splendid opportunities for selection. The fad seems to be a very pretty combination of opals and diamonds, and the designers have shown exquisite taste in setting off the sparkling white of the diamond by the delicate milk color of the opal. The tiger-eye cameo and the sardonyx cameo are also much in favor for rings just now.

In addition to the articles mentioned and which really do not come under the head of jewelry, but which it is expected that a man of fashion should have about him, are such things as pen-holders, pencils, pencil cases, cigarette and cigar cases, and in the selection of

ANIMAL CHARMS, SCARF PINS AND GENTLEMAN'S BRACELETS.

these things he should make it a point to show only the most exquisite of tastes. Sterling silver is in style for all cases. As a rule such freaks as a diamond head to pencil or pen should be avoided. In the way of canes and umbrella heads a finely chased bit of gold is always a neat addition to the make-up of a man of fashion. Avoid anything large and unwieldy.

This is leap year, and the jewelry freak has already come to the surface. Some years ago the bracelet fad took possession of the youth of the country, and the fealty of a young man was tested by his willingness to adorn his wrist with a plain band. And now this fad has come to the surface again, and if you will look up the sleeve of the next fashionable man you meet, depend upon it you will see a shining bit of silver glistening against the white of his arm. These are as a rule gifts from admiring young ladies, and it may be appropriate for me to say to them, for they all read this column, that nothing but silver is in style for a man's bracelet. It must be plain, moreover, and not too large, so that it will not slip down from the arm and show up suddenly just when the young man is transacting an important business matter. There is nothing so embarrassing to a young man as to be caught a party to a fad, and particularly to such a fad.

And right here the young lady might as well be given a pointer as to what she can buy if she is very anxious to take advantage of her leap-year privileges. If you are buying a pair of sleeve-buttons be sure and get something in the nature of a plain link, for that is all the style now; if you are buying a scarfpin buy something that has the diamond or the sapphire in some peculiar "animal" setting. Owls, horse heads, birds, bees, snails, turtles, snakes, deer and even elephant heads are the latest in the jewelry world of fashion. The designs are all very plain and small but exceedingly pretty.

Many men of fashion have taken up another peculiar fad this year, and that is what they call "surprise" jewelry. You meet a friend on the street or in the club, and as he takes out his little silver cigarette case it opens and two tiny fingers hand you a cigarette. He takes out a match case, and as he opens it two little silver picks hand you a burning match and all you need do is to smoke. There is no contrivance that will do that for you. Another freak in the line of jewelry that is again coming to the surface is what they call "that man at the theater." It is simply a little cigar-case, with the words "dry as a" on one side and a fish on the other. When the case opens you will at once "see the man" you are in the habit of seeing on previous occasions on the outside of the theater.

It might not be inapropos in speaking of jewelry that fashion permits its devotees to indulge in without going to the extreme of vulgarity, to refer to the jeweled odds to be found on the desk of many a business man, as well as on his writing-table at home. It is usually unsafe for the business desk to have upon its surface too lavish a display of precious metallic odds and ends. And that is not because it is indelicate to make such display, but simply because it is dangerous and injudicious. At the hour when jumping stocks are taking you in and out of your office, you cannot always step to close your desk, so diamond-studded paper-knives will not only cause you much anxiety, but will be objects of temptation to office boys and casual visiting strangers. Oxidized silver is such a happy combination of elegance and inexpensiveness, that it

THE FLASH AND THE GENTEEL.

has largely supplanted gold as a new material for paper-cutter handles, etc. An inkstand in the shape of a frame for the photograph of a favorite young lady is a fad with some of those men of fashion who are also men of business.

Japanese ornaments in bronze and onyx are popular for paper-weights. One well-known member of an exclusive set compels a little Chinese deity to sit stolidly on his loose papers.

But greater indulgence can be allowed the man of fashion at his dresser. There he can, if he chooses, open the flood-gates of his yearning for metallic and jewelled bijouterie. There all is safe under the watchful eye of his trusty valet. His glove case, brush holder, toilet set, shoe and glove buttoners and all the other little indispensable conveniences may have an intrinsic value of from ten dollars to one thousand dollars, and propriety will smile her approval, because if there is a place in the world where lavish display, even Oriental gorgeousness, can flourish without fear that the genius of good taste will point its finger of scorn at it, it is in that sanctum sanctorum, the sleeping apartment. A visit to some of those splendidly arranged apartments will convince anyone that the New York bachelor and man of fashion thinks nothing of drinking his coffee or toddy out of a solid gold cup or taking his evening smoke through a chased gold, ivory and meerschaum cigar-holder, and even of having within easy reach a sterling silver wanamaker.

ALBERT EDWARD TYRRELL.

Couldn't Vote for a "Bad Shot."

Two country politicians met on the road in south Missouri, when one of them said to the other:

"I want you to vote for Sam Hester for the legislature, Bob."

"Can't do it, Bill."

"Thar ain't no better man than Sam, you know, Bob."

"Sam's a good 'nough man in some respects, Bill, but he's a bad shot with a rifle."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"A good deal. His bad shootin' is the cause of me bein' broke up. You know he shot at that deputy marshal last year from the bush?"

"Yes."

"Well, he missed him. The marshal cum right on, found my still, took me off to Springfield, whar I was tried, an' as you know, Bill, completely broke me up. I can't conscientiously support Sam Hester."—Drake's Magazine.

"Have you seen poor Jennie Smith's portrait at the academy?"

"No; but why do you speak like that? Isn't it like her?"

"Yes; that's just it. It's her living image!"—Harper's Bazar.

Killed by a Premature Explosion.

LIMA, O., Jan. 29.—While William Mullenour was blasting with dynamite here there was a premature explosion and his head was blown from his body.

RIVERS IN THE AIR

That's What Foster Says [illegible] Are in Texas

HIS NEXT GREAT STORM [illegible]

Is Predicted at Any Time From [illegible] to 16—He Discusses the [illegible] for Drouth—[illegible]

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Feb. 6.—[illegible] ter gave forecasts of the [illegible] due to cross the continent [illegible] ruary 6 to 10, and the [illegible] to reach the Pacific coast [illegible] ruary 11, cross the western [illegible] by the close of February [illegible] central valleys from February [illegible] and the eastern states [illegible] 16. This storm will be [illegible] in force till about February 15 [illegible] which time it will be in the [illegible] Pennsylvania and New York [illegible] force will then greatly [illegible] will continue to be a severe [illegible] storm through the eastern [illegible] southeastern Canada on February [illegible] and 17. About February 15 and [illegible] cold wave, then in the Missouri and Mississippi valleys will increase in [illegible] and intensity, causing [illegible] gales for that season of the year. [illegible] cold wave will probably reach [illegible] the southern states.

Drouths; Their Causes and [illegible]

Prior to 1870 rainfall was very [illegible] in Texas, west and southwest of the Colorado river, and in the Panhandle country of that state. Since 1870 the average rainfall there has largely increased. According to the theory promulgated by the state university of Kansas, it is cultivation that has increased the rainfall. Just as well claim that cultivation in the great Asiatic desert of Gobi will restore it to rainfall and fertility, when it is an indisputable fact that the ancient Aryan tribes cultivated those rich lands to their death, bringing a perpetual drouth to a country as large and fertile as the great central valleys of the United States. The Gobi desert is the [illegible] of long continued cultivation and the destruction of the forests, and no [illegible] fessor in the Kansas university [illegible] risk his reputation denying it. [illegible] every old settler in Texas it is a [illegible] known fact that, because the prairie fires have been kept out of western Texas since 1865, the number and growth of trees have largely increased, and especially is this the case with the brush or small timber lands.

Aerial River In Texas.

An aerial river of water is almost constantly streaming northward [illegible] over the state of Texas. That river rises from the Gulf of Mexico through the influence of the perpetual high barometer that covers the Atlantic [illegible] of twenty degrees north latitude. By this I mean to say that the [illegible] of the great central valleys, including the great northern lakes, comes from the great Gulf of Mexico and moves northwestward in transparent [illegible] of moisture laden atmosphere. This great aerial river flows on [illegible] Oklahoma, western Kansas and Nebraska, eastern New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming in the direction of the Dakotas and Montana. But why does it precipitate many times more water in eastern than in western Texas? Because the trees protect the earth from the sun's rays and prevent it from being excessively heated.

Theory of Climatic Changes.

Whenever the earth becomes excessively heated by the sun's rays, there the rainfall will be light. That great belt of country, 300 miles [illegible] miles in length, lying east of the Rocky mountains, is a hot bed, especially in the summer months, and the hot air constantly rising from the great arid district drives the aerial river high into the atmosphere, where it [illegible] the returning current and is carried back to the Gulf of Mexico without having accomplished the work of watering the great western plains. This condition of the weather, covering about 300,000 square miles of arid country, affects the climate of all that vast country lying between the Rockies and the Alleghanies, and including West Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York. The moisture brought northward from the gulf is precipitated, in rain or snow, all over the vast country described above by the periodical low barometers that cross the continent from west to east.

Where Moisture Comes From.

That moisture must come from the Gulf of Mexico by way of the aerial river I have described, and as fully one half of the water carried by that river is turned back and deposited in the gulf by the influence of the hot winds of the arid plains, it becomes a matter of great importance that these rising currents of hot air be prevented. How can they be prevented? The Kansas university, through its professors, says that cultivation will accomplish it, when it is very plain to any observant mind that cultivation will aggravate the disease and make the hot winds still hotter. To remedy this evil, trees must be grown in vast numbers, and this result cannot be obtained in many places without irrigation. The drouth years will return because they are governed by planetary influences, and these drouth years will kill the trees where they are planted on the uplands and not watered by irrigation.

Pineries Produce the [illegible]

The people who live within the drainage of the upper Mississippi and the great lakes, have their whole attention turned toward the pineries of the north believing that their only escape from perpetual drouth lies in saving their northern pineries from destruction. The destruction of those pineries will certainly very greatly increase the drouth, but it should not be forgotten that serious drouths occurred in the upper Mississippi valley during while the northern pineries were in their most flourishing condition. There were no conditions in the north that could have been the cause of those drouths, and the only cause that can reasonably be ascribed is that the moisture that must necessarily come from the Gulf of Mexico was cut off by the hot winds of the western plains. It is not reasonable to suppose that those plains have always been sterile and rainless. On the other hand, there are many evidences [illegible] to prove that heavy [illegible] ered that whole country, that it [illegible] habited by a civilized race and [illegible] tivated. I have no doubt [illegible] tion and [illegible] of [illegible] brought on the [illegible] and that the [illegible] to bring it back to [illegible]

[illegible]